

If you knowv not me,

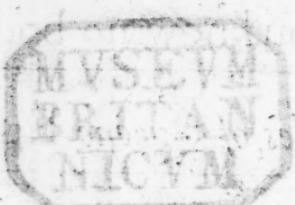
You know no bodie;

Or,

The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.



AT LONDON,
Printed for Thomas Pavier. 1610.



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If you knowv not me, You know no bodie:

Or,
The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.

Enter Suffex, and Lo: Chamberlaine.

Suffex.

Ood morrow my good Lord Chamberlaine.

Chamb. Many good morrowes to my good Lord of Suffex.

Suf. Who's with the Queene my Lord?

Cha. The Cardinall of *Winchester*: The Lord of *Tame*: the good Lord *Shandoyse*: and besides, *Lo: Howard*: *sir Henry Beningfield*, and diuers others.

Suf. A word my Lord in priuate.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse.

Shand. Touching the Queene my Lord who now sits hic, What thinks the realme of Philip th'Emperours sonne, A marriage by the Councell treated of?

Tame. Pray God't proue well.

Suf. Good morrow Lordes.

Tame. Good morrow my good Lord of Suffex.

Sban. I cry your Honours mercy.

Cham. Good morrow to the Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*.

Tame. The like to you my Lord: As you weare speaking.

If you know not me,

Enter Lord Howard, and Sir Henry Beningfield.

Ben. Concerning *Wiat* and the Kentish rebels,
Their ouerthrow is past: the rebell Dukes that sought
By all meanes to proclaine queene *Jane*, chiefly *Northumberland*
For *Giford's* sake, he for'st his brother Duke vnto that warre,
But each one had his merite.

How. Oh my Lord,
The Lawe proceeded gaist their great offence,
And'tis not well, since they haue suffered iudgment,
That we should rayse their scandall being dead,
Tis impious, not by true iudgement bred.

Sus. Good morrow my Lord, good morrow good sir *Henry*.

Ben. Pardon, my Lord, I saw you not till now.

Cham. Good morrow good Lord *Howard*.

How. Your honours: The like to you my Lords.

Tame. With all my heart Lord *Howard*.

Cham. Forward I pray.

Sus. The Suffolke men my Lord was to the Queene
The very staires, by which she did ascend:
Shee's greatly bound vnto them for their loues.

Enter Cardinall of *Winchester*.

Wi. Good morrow Lords, attend the Queene into the presence,

Sus. Your duties Lords.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Tame* bearing the *Purse*: *Shandoyse the Mace*: *Howard*
the *Scepter*: *Sussex the Crowne*: then the *Queene*, after her
the *Cardinall*, *Sentlow*, *Gage*, and attendants.

Queene. By Gods assistance, and the power of heauen,
We are instated in our brothers throane,
And all those powers that warr'd against our right,
By helpe of heauen, and your friendly ayde,
Disper'st and fled, heere may we sit secure,
Our heart is ioyfull Lords, our peace is pure.

Enter *Dodds*.

Dodds. I do beseech your maiestie peruse this poore petition.

Qu. Oniafter *Dodds*, we are indebted to you for your loue,
You stod vs in great stead even in our ebbe
Of fortune, when our hopes were neare declin'd.

And

you know no bodie.

And when our state did beare the lowest saile,
Which we haue reason to requite we know:
Reade his petition my good Lord Cardinall.

Dodds. O gratiouse soueraine, let my Lord the Duke haue the
Perusing of it, or any other that is neere your grace,
He will be to our suite an opposite.

Win. And reason fellow.

Madam, heere is a large recitall and vpbraiding of your highnes Soueraignty, the Suffolke men that listed you to the throne, and here possesse you, clame your promise you made them about Religion.

Dodds. True gratiouse Soueraigne,
But that we doe vpbraide your Maiestie,
Or make recitall of our deedes forepast,
Other then conscience, honesty and zeale,
By loue, by faith, and by our duetie bound,
To you the next and true successiue heyre,
If you contrary this, I needes must say,
Yourskilleſſe tongue doth make our well tun'd words,
Iarre in the Princeſſe eares, and of our text
You make a wrong confiurac̄ion. Gratiouse Queene,
Your humble ſubieſſe proſtrate in my mouth,
A generall ſuite when we firſt flockt to you,
And made firſt head with you at Fromagham,
Twas thus concluded, that we your liege-men
Should ſtill enjoy our conſciences, and vſe that faith
Which in king Edwards daye was held canonicall.

Win. Mayt' please your highnes note the commons insolence,
They tie you to conditions, and ſet limits to your liking.

Queene. They ſhall know,
To whome their faithfull dueties they doe owe,
Since they the limes, the head would ſeekē to ſway,
Before they gouerne, they ſhall learne t'obay:
See it ſeuereſly ordred Winchester.

Win. Away with him, it ſhall be throughly ſcand,
And you vpon the pillory, three dayes to ſtand. *Exit Dodds.*

If you know not me,

Benif. Haz not your sister (gratiouse Queen) a hand
In these petitiones? well your Highnes knowes
She is a fauorite of these heretiques.

Win. And well remembred, is't not probable,
That she in *Wuats* expedition
And other insurrections lately queld,
was a confederate? if your highnes wil your own estate preserue,
You must foresee fore-dangers, and cut off all such
As would your safetie prejudice.

Ben. Such is your sister,
A meere opposite to vs in our opinion: and besides,
Shee's next successiue, should your Maiesty
Die issueleſſe, which heauen defend.

Omnes. Which heauen defend.

Fen. The state of our religion would decline.

Queen. My Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyſe*,
You two shall haue a firme Commission feald.
To fetch our ſister yoong *Elizabeth*
From *Aſhbridge* where ſhe lies, and with a band
Of armed ſouldiers to conduce her vp to *London*,
Where we will heare her.

Sen. Gratiouse Queen, ſhe only craues but to behold your face,
That ſhe might cleare her ſelfe of all ſuppoſed treafons;
Still protesting, ſhe is as true a ſubiect to your Grace,
As liues this day.

Win. Do not you heare with what a fawcie impudence,
This *Sentlow* here preſumes?

Queen. Away with him, Ile teach him know his place,
To fowne when we frowne, ſmile on whom we grace.

Win. Twill be a meanes to keepe the reſt in awe,
Mak'ng their Soueraignes brow, to them a lawe.

Queen. All thoſe that ſecke our Sisters cauſe to fauour,
Let them be lodged.

Winch. Yoong *Courtney* Earle of *Devonſhire*,
Seemes chiefly to affect her faction.

Qu. Commit him to the Tower,

Till

you know no bodie.

Till time affords vs and our Counsell breathing space.
Whence is that Poste?

Conſt. My Soueraigne, it is from Southampton.

Queene. Our Secretary, vndeale them, and returne
Vs present answere of the contents,
What's the maine busines?

Conſt. That Phillip Prince of Spaine,
Sonne to the Emperour, is safely arriu'd,
And landed at Southampton.

Queene. Prepare to meeke him Lords with all our pompe.

Howard. Prepare you Lords with our faire Queene to ride,
And his high princely state let no man hide.

Queene. Set forward Lords, this sodaine newes is sweete,
Two ioyali Louers on the midde way meeke.

Enter maister Gage and a Gentlewoman.

Gage. Good morrow mistresse, came you from the Princesse?

Wom. Maister Gage, I did.

Gage. How fares her Grace?

Wom. O wondrous crazie, gentle maister Gage,
Her sleepes are all vnpquier, and her head
Beats, and growes giddy with continuall griefe.

Gage. God grant her comfort, and release her paine,
So good a Lady few on earth remaine.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne. O Arme, arme, arme.

Gage. How now, what's the matter?

Clowne. O Lord the house is beset, sholdiers are as hot as fire,
Are readie to enter every hole about the house,
For as I was a'th toppe of the stacke, the sound of the drumme
Hot me such a box a'theare, that I came tumbling downe,
The stacke with a thousand billets a'th top on me, looke about,
And help for Gods sake.

Gage. Heauen guard the Princesse, grant that all be well,
This Drumme I feare will prooue her Passing-bell.

B

Enter

If you know not me,

Enter Tame and Shandoyse with Souldiers, Drums, &c.

Tame. Where's the Princesse?

Gage. O my honor'd Lords!

(May I with reverence presume to aske)

What means these armes? why doe you thus begirt

A poore weake Ladie, neare at point of death?

Shan. Resolute the Princesse we must speake with her.

Wo. My Lords know there is no admittance to her presence,
Without the leaue, first granted from her selfe.

Tame. Go tell her, we must, and will.

Wom. Ile certifie so much. Exit woman.

Gage. My Lords, as you are honourably borne,
As you did loue her father, or her brother,
As you doe owe allegiance to the Queene,
In pittie of her weaknes, and low estate,
With best offauour her commiserato.

Enter woman.

Wom: Her grace intreats you but to stay till morne,
And then your message shall be heard at full.

Shan: Tis from the Queene, and we will speake with her,

Wom: Ile certifie so much.

Tame. It shall not neede, presse after her my Lord.

Enter Elizabeth in her bed, Doctor Owine, and

Doctor Wendorf.

Eliz. We are not please with your intrusions Lords,
Is your haste such, or your affaires so urgent,
That sodainely, and at this time of night,
You presse on me, and will not stay till morne?

Tame: Sory we are (sweet Lady) to beholde you in this sadde

Eliz. And I my Lords not glad. (sight.
My heart, oh how it beats!

Shan: Madam, our message and our dutys from our Queene,
We come to tender you, It is her pleasure,
That you the 7: day of this month appeare at Westminster.

Eliz: At Westminster! my Lords, no soule more glad than I,

To

you know no bodie.

To doe my duety to her Maiestie,
But I am sory at the heart, my heart, oh good Doctor raise me:
Oh my heart, I hope my Lords, considering my extremitie and
weakenes, you will dispence a little with your haste.

Tame. Doctor *Owne*, and Doctor *Windeth*.

You are the Queenes Phisitions truely sworne,
On your alegeance, as before her Highnes you will answere it,
Speake, may the Princeſſe be remou'd with life?

D. Owne. Not without danger Lords, yet without death,
Her feauer is not mortall; yet you see into what danger
It hath brought the Princeſſe.

Shan. Is your opinion ſo?

D. Win. My iudgment is, not deadly, but yet dangerous,
No ſooner ſhall ſhe come to take the aire,
But ſhe will faint, and if not well prepar'd and attended,
Her life is in much danger.

Tame. Madam, we take no pleasure to deliuere
ſo ſtrict a message.

Eliz. Nor I my Lords to heare a message deliuere
With ſuch ſtrictnes: well, muſt I goe?

Shan. So ſayes the Queene.

Eliz. Why then it muſt beſo.

Tame. To morrow earlie then you muſt prepare.

Eliz. Tis many a morrow ſince my ſeeble legges
Felt this my bodies weight: O I ſhall faint,
And if I taste the rawneſſe of the aire,
I am but dead, indeede I am but dead.
Tis late, conduet theſe Lords vnto their chambers,
And cheere them well, for they haue iourneyd hard,
Whilſt we prepare vs for our morrowes iourney.

Shan. Madam, the Queene haſh ſent her letter for you,

Eliz. The Queene is kinp, and we will ſtrive with death
To tender her our life,
We are her ſubieſt, and obey her heſt,
Good night, we wiſh you what we want,
Good reſt.

Exeunt omnes.

If you know not me,

Enter Queene Mary, Phillip, and all the Nobles,
but Tame and Shandoyf.

Quo. Thus in the face of heauen and broad eie of all the multy
We give a welcome to the Spanish Prince,
Thote plausiue shrowts which give you entertaine,
Ecchoes as much to the Almightye cares,
And there they, found with pleasure, and excels
The clamorous trumpets, and lowd ringing bells.

Phil. Thrise excellent and euer gratioues Princesse,
Doubly famous for Vertue and for Beautie,
We embrase your large stretcht Honors with the armes of loue,
Our royll mariage, treated first in heauen
To be solemniz'd heere, both by Gods voice,
And by our loues consent, we thus embrase;
No Spaine and England two populous kingdomes,
That haue a long time beeene opposde
In hostlie emulation, shall be at one:
This shall be Spanish England, ours English Spaine.

Quo. Hearke the redoubling ecchoes of the people, Floris.
How it proclames their loues, and welcome to this Vnion.

Phil. Then heere before the Pillars of the Land,
We doe embrase and make a publike contract:
Our soules are ioyfull, then bright heauens smile,
Whilst we proclaine our new united Rile,

Quo. Reade Sussex.

Sussex reades.

Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and
Queene of England, Spayne, France and Ireland,
King and Queene of Naples, Sicilia, Leon and
Aragon, Archduke & Dutches of Austria, Burgun-
dy, of Brabant, Zeland, of Holland: Prince and
Princesse

you know no bodie.

Princeſe of Sweaue, Count and Counteſe Halburge, Meliorea, Sardinia, of the firme Land & the maine Ocean Sea, Falatins of Ierusalem, of Henolt, Lord and Lady of Freeſeland, and of the Iſles: And Gouernor and Gouerneſſe of all Aftrica, and Asia.

Omnes. Long liue the King and Queene. Flouris. Kyn. and Qu. We thanke you all.

Con. When please your Highnes to solemnize this your Nap. Qu. The 25. day of this month of July.

Phil. It likes vs well, but royll Queene we want.

One Lady at this high solemniteſe: We haue a ſister cal'd Elizabeth, Whose vertues and indowments of the minde Hath fill'd the eares of Spaine.

Win. Great are the cauſes, now too long to ſay, Why ſhe, my Soueraigne, ſhould be kept away.

Con. The Lord of Tame and Shandoyſe are return'd.

Enter Tame, Shandoyſe, and Gage.

Queene. How fares our Sister? Is ſhe come along?

Tame. We found the Princeſſe ſick, and in great danger. Yet did we urge our ſtrict Commission, She much intreated that ſhe might be ſpar'd, Vntill her health and strength might be reſtor'd.

Shan. Two of your highnes Doctors we then cal'd, And charg'd them as they would anſwere it, To tell the tru: h, if that our iourneys toyle Might be no preiudice vnto hir life; Orit we might with ſafetie bring her thence: They anſwered, that we might; we did ſo, Here ſhe is to doe her duty to your Maieſt.e.

Quee. Let her attend, we will find time to heare her,

Phil. But royll Queene, yet for her vertues ſake, Deceme her offences, if ſhe haue offend'd,

If you know not me,

With all the lenitie a Sister can.

Queene. My Lord of Winchetter, my Lord of Suffex,
Lord Howard, Tame, and Shandoyse.

Take you Commission to examine her
Of all supposed crimes: so to our Nuptials.

Phi. What festuall more roiall hath bene scene,
Than twixt Spaines Prince, and Englands Royall Queene.

Exeunt.

Enter Elizabeth, her gentlewoman, and three
houshold Servants.

Eliz. Is not my gentleman Vsher yet return'd?

Wom. Madam, not yet.

Eliz. O God, my feare hath beene good Phisicke, (etion,
But the Queens displeasure, that hath cur'd my bodies imperfe-
Hath made me heart-sicke, braine-sicke, and sicke euent to death:
What are you?

1. Ser: Your houshol officers and humble seruants,
Who, now your house (faire Princesse) is dissolu'd
And quite broke vp, come to attend your grace.

Eliz. We thanke you, and am more indebted for your loues,
Than we haue power, or vertue to requite,
Alas, I am all the Queens, yet nothing of ray selfe,
But God and innocence, be you my patrons, & defend my cause:
Why weepe you gentlemen?

Cookes. Not for our selues, men are not made to weepe
At their owne fortunes, our eies are made of fire,
And to extract water from fire, is hard:
Nothing but such a Princesse grieve as yours,
So good a lady, and so beautifull, so absolute a mistris,
And perfect as you haue euer beene,
Haue power to doo't, your sorrow makes vs sad.

Eliz. My innocence yet makes my heart as light,
As my front's heauie: all that heaven sends, is welcome:
Gentlemen, deuide these crownes amongst you,
I am now a prisoner, and shall want nothing,

you know no bodie.

I haue some friends about her Maiestie,
That are prouiding for me all things; all things;
I, euen my graue; and being possest of that,
I shall neede nothing: weepe not I pray,
Rather you should reioyce
If I eniscarty in this enterprise; and aske you why,
A Virgine and a Martyre both I die.

Enter Gage.

Gage. He that first gaue you life, protect that life,
From those that wish your death.

Eli. Whats my offence? who be my accusers?

Gage. Madam, that the Queene & Winchester best knowes.

Eli. What saies the Queene vnto my late petition?

Gage. You are denide that grace:
Her Maiestie will not admit you conference,
Sir *William Senton* vrging that notion,
Was first committed, hince sent to the Tower,
Madam, in briefe your foes are the Queenes friends,
Your friends her foes,
Six of the Counsell are this day appointed,
To examine you of certaine articles.

Eli. They shall be welcome; my God in whome I trust,
Will help, deliuer, saue, defend the just.

*Enter Winchester, Suffex, Howard, Tane, Shandoyse,
and Cunstable.*

Suf. All forbeare this place, vnlesse the Princesse.

Win. Madam, we from the Queene are ioyned *They sit,*
in full commission. *Shee kneelos.*

Suff. By your fauor (good my Lord) ere you proceede,
Madam, although this place doth tie you to this reverence,
It becomes not you being a Princesse to deieed your knee,
A chaire there.

Eli. My duety with my fortunes doe agree,

And

If you know not me,

And to the Queene, in you I bend my knee,

Su. You shall not kneele where Sussex sits in place.
The Chamber-keper, a chaire there for her grace.

Wm. Madam, perhaps you censure hardly,
That twas insoirt in this commission.

Eli. Know you your owne guilt, my good Lord Chancellor,
That you accuse your selfe; I thinke not so,
I am of this mind, no man is my foe.

Wm. Madam, I would you would submit vnto your highnes.

Eli. Submit my Lord of Winchester; tis fit
That none but base offenders should submit:
No no my Lord, I easilly spie your drift,
Hauing nothing whereon you can accuse me,
Do seeke to haue my selfe, my selfe betray,
So by my selfe my owne bloud should be spilt,
Confesse subission, I confess a guilt.

Tame. What answer you to *Wyat*'s late rebellion?
Madam, tis thought that you did set them on.

Eli. Who is't will say for men may much suspect,
But yet (my Lord) none can my life detect.
I a confederate with those kentish rebels?
If I ere saw or sent to them, let the Queene take my head.
Hath not proud *Wyat* suffered for his offence,
And in the purging both of soule and bodie for heauen,
Did *Wyat* then accuse *Elizabeth*?

Sus. Madam, he did not.

Eli. My reverend Lord, I know it.

How. Madam, he would not.

Eli. Oh my good Lord he could not.

Sus. The same day *Frogmorton* was arraigned in the Guild-hall
It was imposde on him, whether this Princesse had a hand
With him, or ne; he did deny it,
Cleer'd hir sore his death, yet accusde others.

Eli. My God be praisde, this is newes but of a minute olde,

Shan. What answere you to sir *Peter Carew* in the west,
The westerne Rebels?

Eliz.

you know no bodie.

Eli. Ask the vnborne Infant, see what that will answere,
For that and I are both a like in guilt,
Let not by rigor innocent blood be spilt.

Win. Come Madam, answere brieflie to these treasons.

Eli. Treason Lords, if it be treason to be the daughter
To th'eight *Henrie*, sister to *Edward*, and the next of blood vnto
My gratiouse soueraigne now the *Queene*, I am a traitor; if not, I
Spit at treason. In *Henries* raigne this Law could not haue stood,
O God that we shoulde suffer for our blood!

Con. Madam, the *Queene* must heare you sing another song,
Before you part with vs.

Eli. My God doth know, I can no note but truth,
That with heauens King,
One day in quiers of Angels I shall sing.

Win. Then Madam you'l not submit.

Eli. My life I will, but not as guiltie,
My Lords, let pale offenders pardon craue,
If we offend, Lawes rigor let vs haue.

Win. You are stuppeyne, come, letts certifie the *Queene*.

Tame. Rowme for the Lords there.

Exeunt

Eli. Thou power eternall, Innocents just guide, *Councell.*
That swayesthe Septer of all Monarchies,
Protecte the guiltlesse from these rauening jawes,
That hideous death presents, by Tyrant lawes,
And as my heart is knowne to thee mole pure,
Grant me release, or patience to endur.

Enter Gage and Servants.

Gage. Madam, we your poore humble seruants,
Made bold to presse into your Graces presence,
To know how your cause goes.

Eli. Well, well, I thanke my God, well,
How can a cause goe ill with Innocents?
They that to whome wrongs in this world are done,
Shall be rewarded in the world to come.

Enter the six Counsellors.

Win. It is the pleasure of her maiesie,
That you be straight committed to the Tower.

Eli. The Tower! for what?

If you know not me,

W^m. Moreouer all your housshould seruants we haue discharg'd
Except this gentleman your vsher, and this gentlewoman,
Thus did the Queene command,
And for your guard a hundred Northerne white cotes
Are appointed to conduct you thither,
To night vnto your chamber, to morrow early prepare
You for the tower, your Barge stands ready
To conduct you thither. *Sheekneles.*

Eliz. Oh God my hart: A prisoner in the Tower,
Speake to the Queene my Lords, that some other place
May lodge her sister, that's too vilde, too base.

Suff. Come my Lords, let's all joyne in one petition
To the Queene, that she may not be lodg'd within the Tower.

W^m. My Lord, you know it is in Vaine,
For the Queenes sentence is definitiue,
And we must see it perform'd.

Eliz. Then to our chamber comfortlesse and sad,
To morrow to the Tower that fatall place,
Where I shall neuer behold the Sunnes bright face.

Suff. Now God forbid, a better hap heauen sends: *Exenne Omnes.*
Thus men may mourne for what they cannot mend.

Enter three white-cote sonldiers with a iacke of beere.

1. Come my maisters, you know your charge, tis now about
A leauen, here we must watch till morning,
And then carry the Princeesse to the Tower.

2. How shall we spend the time till morning?
3. Masse weele drincke and talke of our friends.
2. I but my frind, doe not talke of state matters,
1. Not I, ile not meddle with the State,
I hope this a man may say without offence,
Prethee drincke to me.

3. With all my heart yfaith, this a man might lawfully speake,
But now; faith what wast about to say?

1. Masse I say this; That the Lady *Elizabeth* is both a Lady,
And *Elizabeth*, and if I should say she were a vertuous Princeesse,
Were there any harme in that?

2. No by my troth ther's no harme in that,
But beware of talking of the princeesse,

you know no bodie.

Let's meddle with our kindred, there we may be bold.

1. Well sirs, I haue twoo sisters, and the one loues the other,
And woud not send her to prison for a million; is there any harm
In this? Ile keepe my selfe within compasse I warrant you.
For I doe not talke of the Queene, I talke of my sisters.
Ile keepe my selfe within compasse I warrant you.

3. I but sir, that word sister goes hardly downe.

1. Why sir, I hope a man may be bold with his owne,
I lean'd that of the Queene, ile keepe my selfe within compasse
Ile warrant you.

2. I but sir, why is the Princesse committed?

1. It may be she doth not know her selfe,
It may be the Queene knowes not the cause,
It may be my Lord of *Winchester* does not know?
It may be so, nothing is vnpossible to god,
It may be there's knauery in Monkery,
There's nothing vnpossible, is there any harme in that?

2. Shomaker, you goe a little beyond your last.

1. Why, in saying nothing's vnpossible to God,
Ile stand to it; for saying a truth's a truth, Ile proue it;
For saying there may be knauery in Monkerie, Ile justifie it,
I doe not say there is, but may be, I know what I know,
You know what you know, he knowes what he knowes,
Mary we know not what every man knowes.

3. My maisters, we haue talkt so long that I thinke tis day.

1. I thinke so too, is there any harme in all this?

2. No harme i'th world.

3. And I thinke by this time the Princesse is ready
To take her barge.

1. Come then let's goe, would all were well,
Is there any harme in all this? But alas, wishes and teates
Haue both one propertie, they shew their loue that
Want the remedy.

Exeunt omnes

Enter Winchester and Beningfield.

Win. Did you not marke what a pittious eie she cast
To the Queenes window as she past along?
Faine she would haue staid, but that I causde
The Bargemen to make haft, and to row away.

If you know not me,

Ben. The bargemen were too desperate my Lord,
In staying till the water were so lowe,
For then you know, being vnderneath the bridge,
The barges sterne did strike vpon the ground,
And was in danger to haue drownd vs all.

Win. Well, she hath scape that danger,
Would she but conforme her selfe in her opinion,
She only might rely vpon my loue,
To winne her to the fauour of the Queene.

Ben. But that willneuer be, this is my censure,
If she be guilty in the least degree,
May all her wrongs surviue and light on her:
If other waies that she be cleared,
Thus both waies I wish her downe,
Or else her state to raise.

Enter Sussex, Tame, Howard, Shandoyse and Gage.

Susf. Why doth the Priucess keepe her barge so long?
Why lauds she not? Some one go see the cause.

Gage. That shall be my charge my Lord.

Exit Gage.

Sussex. Oh me my Lords her state is wondrous hard,
I haue scene the day, my hand ide not haue lent
To bring my Soueraigns sister to the Tower.
Good my Lords, stretch your Cnmission
To do the Princesse but some little fauour.

Shan. My Lord, my Lord, let not the loue we beare the Prince
Incurre the Queenes displeasure, tis no dallyng with matters of
Estate, who dares gaine-say the Queen?

Suff. Mary God not I, no, no, not I;
Yet who shall hinder these myne eyes to sorrow
For her sorrow? By Gods mary deere,
That the Queen could not, though her selfe were heere:
My Lords, my Lords, if it were held fowle treason,
To greive for her hard vsage; by my soule,
Myne eies would hardly prooue a true subject:
But tis the Queenes pleasure, and we must obey:
But I shall mourne, should the King and Queen say nay.

Enter Gage.

Gage. My grieved Mistris humbly thus intreats,

For

you know no bodie.

For to remooue back to the common stayres,
And not to land where traitors put to shore;
Some difference she intreats your Honors make
Twixt Christall Fountaine and fowle muddy Springs,
Twixt those that are condemned by the law,
And those whome Treasons staine did neuer blemish:
Thus she attends your answere and sits still,
Whilſt her weſties full many a teare did ſpill.

Suf. Mary a God, tis true, and tis no reason: Launch Barge-
Good Lady, land where traitors vſe to land, (man,
And fore her guilt be proou'd, Gods mary no,
And the Queene wilſ it, that it ſhould be ſo.

Shan. My Lord, you muſt looke into our Commission,
No fauour's graunted, ſhe of force muſt land,
Tis a decree which we cannot withstand,

So tell her, maiftier *Gage.*

Exit Gage.

Suf. As good a lady as ere *England* bred,
Would he that cauſ'd this woe, had loſt his head.

*Enter Gage, Elizabeth, and Clarentia her
gentlewoman.*

Gage. Madam, you haue ſtept too ſhort, into the water.

Eli. No matter where I treade,
Would where I ſet my foot, there lay my head,
Land traitor likeſt my foot's wet in the flood,
So ſhall my hart ere long be drencht in blood.

Enter Conſtable.

Wm. Heere comes the Conſtable of the Tower,
This is your charge.

Conſt. And I receiue my paſtoner, come, will you goe?

Eli. Whither my Lord, vnto a grate of yron,
Where grieſe and care my poore hart ſhall environ?
I am not well.

Suf. A chaire for the Princesſe.

Con. Heer's no chaire for paſtoners,
Come, will you ſee your chamber?

Eli. Then on this ſtone this cold ſtone will I ſit,
I needs muſt ſay, you hardly me intreate,
When for a chaire, this hard ſtone is my ſeat.

If you know not me,

Suff. My Lord, you deale too cruelly with the Princesse,
You knew her father, shee's no stranger to you.

Tame. Madam it raines.

Suff. Good Lady take my cloake.

Eli. No, let it a lone; See Gentlemen,
The pityous heauens weepes teares into my bosome,
On this cold stome I sit, raine in my face,
But better heere, then in a worser place
Where this bad man will lead me.

Clar. Reach me my booke; now lead me where you please
From sight of day, or in a dungeon, I shall see to pray.

Suff. Nay, nay, you need not bolt and locke so fast, *Exit Eli.*
She is no starter, honorable Lords, *Gage: Claren:*
Speake to the Queene she may haue some release. *Consta.*

Enter Constable.

Consta. So, so, let me alone, let me alone to coope her,
Ile vs her so, the Queene shall much commend
My diligent care.

Howard. Where haue you left the princesse?

Con. Where she is safe ynough I warrant you,
I haue not granted her the priuilege
Of any walke, or garden, or to ope
Her windowes, casements to receiue the aire.

Suff. My Lord, my Lord, you deale without respect,
And worse than your Commission can maintaine.

Con. My Lord, I hope I know my office well,
And better than your selfe within this place,
Then teach not me my dutie, she shall be vsde so still,
The Queene commaunds, and ile obey her will.

Suff. But if this time should alter, marke me well,
Could this be answer'd? could it fellow Peeres?
I thinke not so,

Con. Tush, tush, the Queene is yong, likely to beare
Of her owne body a more royll heire.

Enter Gage.

Gage. My Lords, the Princesse humbly intreats,
That her owne seruants may beare vp her dyet;
A company of base yntutor'd slauces,

Whose

you know no bodie.

Whose hands did neuer serue a Princeſſe boord,
Doe take that priuiledge.

Con. Twas my appointment and it ſhall be ſo.

Suf. Gods mary deare, but it ſhall not be,
Lord *Howard* joyne with me, weele to the king.

Enter Souldiers with dishes.

Gage. Stay good my Lords for instance, ſee they come,
If this be ſeemely, let your Honors judge.

Suf. Come, come my Lords, why do we ſtay ſo long?
The Queenes high fauour ſhall amend this wrong?

Con. Now ſir, what haue you got by your *Exeant omnes
præter Conſit.
and Gage.* complaining, you common find-fault; what, is
your Miftris ſtomacke ſo queafie, our honeſt
Souldiers muſt not touch her meate? Then let her fast;
I know her ſtomacke will come downe at laſt.

*Enter ſouldiers with more dishes, Gage
takes one from them.*

Gage. Vntuor'd ſlaue, Ile eaſe thee of this burthen,
Her highnes ſcorneſto touch the dish
Her ſeruants brings not vp.

Con. Preſume to touch a dish, Ile loodge thee there
Where thou ſhalt ſee no ſunne for one whole yeaſe: *Exit Con.*

Gage. I would to God you would, in any place *& ſoldiers.*
Where I might liue from thought of her diſgrace,
O thou all-ſeeing heauens, with piteous eies,
Looke on th' oppreſſions of their cruelty:
Let not thy truth by falſhood be oppreſſe,
But let her vertues ſhine, and giue her rest,
Confound the ſleights, and praſe of thofe men,
Whofe pride doe kicke againſt the ſeat of heauen,
Oh draw the curtaines from their filthy ſinne,
And make them loath the hell which they liue in,
Proſper the Princeſſe and her life defend,
A glorious comfort to her trouble ſend.
If euer thou hadſt pitie, heare my praier,
And giue realeafeuent to a princeſſe care,

*Exit Gage
A diſmbe*

If you know not me,

A dumbe show, Enter sixe with Torches.

Tame and Shandoise bare-headed, Phillip and Mary after them: then Winchester, Beningfield, and Attendants at the other doore Sussex & Howard, Sussex deliuers a petition to the King, the King shewes it to the Queene, she shewes it to Winchester, and to Beningfield: they storne, the King whispers to Sussex, & raises him & Howard gives them a petition; they take their leave and depart, the King whispers a little to the Queene.

Enter Constable and Gage.

Exeunt.

Gage. The Princesse thus intreats you honor'd Lord,
She may but walke in the Lieutenants garden,
Or else repose her selfe in the Queenes lodgings:
My honor'd Lord, grant this as you did loue
The famous Henry her deceased father.

Con. Come, talke not to me for I am resolu'd,
Nor lodging, garden, nor Lieuteants walkes
Shall here be grauted, shee's a prisoner.

Gage. My Lord, they shall.

Con. How, shall they knaues?

Gage. If the Queen please, they shall.
A noble and right reuerend Counsellor,
Promist to beg it of her Maestie:
And if shee say the word, my Lord shee shall.

Con. If shee say the word, it shall be so:
My Lord of Winchester speakes the contrary,
So doe the Clergie, they are honest men.

Gage. My honor'd Lord, why should you take delight
To torture a pore Lady Innocent?
The Queen I know when shee shall heare of this,
Will greatly discommend your cruelty.
You seru'd her father, and he lou'd you well;
You seru'd her brother, and he held you deare,
And can you hate the sister he best lou'd?
You serue her sister, she estemes you hie,
And you may liue to serue her ere you die:
And therefore good my Lord let this preuaile,
Only the casements of her windowe ope,

Whereby

you know no bodie.

Whereby she may receive fresh gladsome aire.

Con. O you preach well to deafe men! no, not I;
So Letters may flie in, Ile none of that,
She is my prisoner, and if I durst,
But that my warrant is not yet so strict,
Ide lay her in a dungeon where her eies
Should not haue light to reade her praier booke;
So would I danger both her soule and bodie,
Cause she an alien is to vs Catholiques.
Her bed should be all snakes, her rest depaire,
Torture should make her curse her faithlesse praier.

Enter Suffex, Howard, and seruants.

Suff. My Lord, it is the pleasure of the Queene,
The prisoner Princesse should haue all the vse
Of the Lieutenants garden, the Queenes Lodgings,
And all the libertie this place affords.

Con. What meanes her Grace by that?

Suff. You may goe aske her and you will my Lord;
Moreouer, tis her Highnes furder pleasure,
That her sworne seruants shall attend on her,
Two gentlemen of her Ewrie, two of her pantrie,
Two of her Kitchin, and two of her wardrobe,
Besides this gentleman here maister *Gage*.

Con. The next will be her freedome; oh this maddes me.

How. Which way lies the Princesse?

Con. This way my Lord.

How. This will be glad tidings, come let's tell her Grace.

Gage. Wil't please your honor, let my Ladie *Ex: omnes*
Walke in the Lieutenants garden, *(prefer Constable & Gage.*
Or may but see the lodgings of the Queene,
Or ope the casements to receiue freshaire,
Shall she my Lord? shall she this freedome vse?
She shall: for you can neither will nor chuse.
Or shall she haue some seruants of her owne
To attend on her? I pray let it be so,

And let your looke no more poore prisoners daunt,
I pray denie not what you needes must graunt. *Exit Gage.*

Con. This base groome flowts me, oh this frets my heart!

If you know not me,

These knaues will jet vpon their priuiledge,
But yet ile vex her, I haue found the meanes:
Ile haue my Cooke to dresse my meate with hers,
And every officer my men shall match,
O that I could but draine her hearts deare blood,
Oh it would feed me, doe my soule much good.

Enter the Clowne beating a souldier; & excuseth.

Then enter the Cooke beating another.

Con. How now, what meanes the fellow?

Cooke. Audacious slauie presuming in my place.

Con. Sir, t'was my pleasure, and I did command it.

Cooke. The proudest he that keepes within the Tower,
Shall haue no eie into my priuate office.

Con. No sir? why say tis I.

Cooke. Be it your selfe, or any other here,
Ile make him suppe the hottest broath I haue.

Con. You will not.

Cooke. Zwounds I will:

I haue bin true to her, and will be still. *Exit Cooke.*

Con. Well, Ile haue this mended ere't be long,
And venge my selfe on her for all their wrong. *Ex: omnes.*

Enter a Boy with a Nose-gay.

Boy. I haue got another Nose-gay for my yong Lady,
My Lord said I should be soundly whipt,
If I were seene to bring her any more,
But yet Ile venture once againe, she is so good;
Oh heere's her chamber, Ile call and see if she be stirring,
Where are you Lady? *Enter Eli:*

Eli. Welcome sweet boy, what haft thou brought me there?

Boy. Madam, I haue brought you another Nose-gay;
But you must not let it be seene; for if it be,
I shall be soundly whipt, indeedla, indeed I shall.

Eli. God a mercy boy, heere's to requite thy loue. *Exit Eli.*

Enter Constable, Suffex, Howard, and Attendants.

Con. Stay him, stay him; Oh haue I caught you sir?

you know no bodie.

Where haue you bin?

Boy. To carry my yong Ladie some more flowers.

How. Alas my Lord, a child, pray let him go.

Con. A crafty knaue my Lords, search him for letters.

Suff. Letters my Lord, tis ynpossible.

Con. Come, tell me what letters thou carriedst her,

Ile giue thee figges and sugar plummes.

Boy. Will you indeed? well, Ile take your word,
For you looke like an honest man.

Con. Now tell me what letters thou deliuèredst.

Boy. Faith gaffer I know no letters but great *A*,
B, and *C*; I am not come to *K* yet:

Now gaffer, will you giue me my sugar plummes?

Con. Yes mary will I, take him away,
Let him be soundly whipt I charge you firra.

Enter *Elizabeth, Gage and Clarentia.*

Eli. They keepe euen Infants from vs, they doe well,
My sight they haue too long barr'd, and now my smell.
This Tower hath made me fall to huswifry,
I spend my labours to relieuue the poore,
Goe *Gage*, distribute these to thole that neede.

Enter *Winchester, Beningfield and Tame.*

Win. Madam, the Queene out of her royll bounty,
Hath freed you from the thralldome of the Tower,
And now this gentleman must be your guardian.

Eli. I thanke her, she hath rid me of a tyrant:
Is he appointed now to be my keeper?
What's he Lords?

Tame. A gentleman in fauour with the Queene.

Eli. It seemes so by his charge: but tell me *Gage*,
Is yet the scaffold standing on Tower hill,
Whereon yong *Gifforde* and the Lady *Lane* did suffer death?

Gage. Vpon my life it stands not.

Eli. Lord *Howard*, what is he?

How. A gentleman, tho of a sterne aspect,
Yet mild enough I hope your Grace will finde.

Eli. Hath he not thinke you a stretcht conscience?
And if my secret murder should be put into his hands,

If you know not me,

Hath he not a heart thinke you to execute?

How. Defend it heauen, and Gods almighty hand,
Betwixt your Grace, and such intendments stand.

Ben. Come Madam, will you goe?

Eli. With all my heart, farewell, farewell,
I am freed from Limbo, to be sent to hell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cooke and Pantler.

Cooke. What storme comes next? this hath dispers'd vs quite,
And shattered vs to nothing; though we be denide the presence
Of our Mistres, yet we will walke aloofe, and none controwle vs.

Pant. Here will she crosse the riuver, stand in her eie,
That she may take some note of our neglected dueties.

Enter three poore men.

1. Come, this way they say the sweete princesse comes,
Let vs present her with such tokens of good will,
As we haue.

2. They say shee's such a vertuous Princesse, that shee
Accept of a cup of cold water, and I haue euen
A nose-gay for her Grace; heere she comes.

Enter Elizabeth, Beningfield, Gage, and Tame.

Omnes. The Lord preserue thy sweete Grace,

Eli. What are these?

Gage. The townesinen of the country gathered here
To greet your Grace, hearing you passe this way.

Eli. Giue them this gold, and thanke them for their loues.

Ben. What traytor knaues are gather'd here to make a tumult?

Omnes. Now the Lord blesse thy sweet grace.

Ben. If they persist, I charge you souldiers stop their mouthes.

Eli. It shal not need, the poore are louing, but the rich despise,
And though you curbe their tongues, spare them their cares:
Your loue my smart a'layes not, but prolongs?
Pray for me in your hearts, not in your tongues.
See, see, my Lord, looke, I haue stild them all,
Not one amongst them, but debates my fall.

Tame. Alas sir *Harry*, these are honest countrymen,
That much reioyce to see the Princesse well.

Ben. My Lord, my Lord, my charge is great.

Tame. And mine as great as yours.

Bells.

you know no bodie.

Ben. Harke, harke my Lord, what Bels are these?

Gage. The towns-men of this village,
Hearing your Highnes passe this way,
Salutes your coming with a peale of Bels.

Ben. Traitors and knaues, ring Bels
When the *Queenes* enemy passeth through the Towne,
Go set the knaues by'th heeles, make their pates ring noone,
I charge thee *Barwicke*. *Exit Barwicke.*

Eli. Alas poore men, help them thou God aboue,
Thus men are forst to suffer for my loue,
What said my seruants, those that standaloofe?

Gage. They deeply conjur'd me out of their loues,
To know how your case goes, which these poore people second.

Eli. Say vnto them, *Tanquam ovis*.

Ben. Come away, this lingring will be night vs.

Tame. Madam, this night your lodg'g's at my house,
No prisoner are you Madam for this night.

Ben. How, no prisoner?

Tame. No, no prisoner, what I intend to do, Ile answer:
Madam, wil't please you go? *Exeunt Eli, Ben, and Tame.*

Cooke. Now gentle maister Vsher, what saies my Lady?

Gage. Thus did she bid me say, *Tanquam ovis*,
Farewell, I must away. *Exit Gage.*

1. *Tanquam ovis*, pray what's *Tanquam ovis* neighbour?

2. If the Priest were here hee'd smel it out straight.

Cooke. My selfe hath bin a Scholler, and I vnderstand
What *Tanquam ovis* meaneas,
We sent to know how her Grace did fare,
She *Tanquam ovis* said, even like a sheep
That's to the slaughter led.

1. *Tanquam ovis*, that I should liue to see, *Tanquam ovis*?

2. I shall never loue *Tanquam ovis* againe for this tricke.

Ex:omnes.

Enter Beningfield and Barwicke his man.

Ben. *Barwicke*, Is this the chaire of State?

Bar. I sir, this is it.

Ben. Take it downe, and pull off my bootes.

Bar. Come on sir.

If you know not me,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O monstroust what a sawcy companion's this,
To pull off his bootes in the chaire of State;
Ile fit you a pennyworth for it,

Ben. Well said Barwicke, pull knaue.

Bar. A ha sir. *The clowne pulls the chaire away.*

Ben. Well said, now t'comes.

Clo. Gods pittie, I thinke you are downe, cry you marcic,

Ben. What sawcie arrant knaue art thou! how?

Clo. Not so sawcy an arrant knaue as your worship
takes me to be.

Ben. Villaine, thou hast broke my crooper.

Clo. I am sory tis no worse for your worship.

Ben. Knaue, doost flowt me? *He beates him, exount.*

Enter the Englishman and Spaniard.

Span. The wall, the wall.

Eng. Sblood Spniard you get no wall here, vnlesse you
Would haue your head and the wall knockt together.

Span. Seignior Caualero Danglatero,
I must haue the wall.

Eng. I doe protest, hadst not thou enforst it,
I had not regarded it, but since you will needs
Haue the wall, ile take the paines to thrust
You into the kennell.

Span. O base Caualero, my sword and poniard well
Tride in Toledo, shall giue thee the Imbrocado.

Eng. Mary and welcome sir, come on. *They fight.*

Span. Holo, holo, thou hast giuen me *Hee hurts the*
The canuisado. *Spaniard.*

Eng. Come sir, will you any more?

Span. Seignior Caualero looke behinde thee,
A blade of Toledo is drawne against thee.

He looks backe, he kills him.

Enter Phillip, Howard, Sussex, Constable and Gresham.

Phil. Hand that ignoble groom,
Had we not beheld thy cowardize,
We should haue sworne,

you know no bodie.

Such basenesse had not followed vs.

Spa. Oh vostro mandado grand Emperato.

How. Pardon him my Lord.

Phil. Are you respectleſſe of our honor Lordes?

That you would haue vs boſoine cowardize,

I doe protest, The great Turkes Emperie

Shall not redeeme thee from a felons death:

What place is this my Lords?

Suff. Charing Crosle my Liege.

Phi. Then by this crosse, where thou haſt done this murder,
Thou ſhalt be hang'd, ſo Lords away with him. *Ex:Spaniard.*

Suf. Your Grace may purchafe glorie from aboue,
And intire loue from all your peoples hearts,
To make attonement twixt the wofull Princesſe,
And our dread Soueraigne, your moſt vertuous Queene,

How. It were a deede worthie of memorie.

Con. My Lord, ſhee's faſtious, rather could I wish
Shee were married to ſome priuate gentleman,
And with her dower conuayd out of the Land,
Than heere to ſtay and be a mutiner,
So may your Highneſſe ſtate be more ſecure:
For whilſt ſhee liues, warres, and commotions,
Foule iſſurrections will be ſet abroch;
I thinke twere not amiffe to take her head,
This land would be in quiet were ſhee but dead.

Suff. O my Lord, you ſpeakē not charitably.

Phi. Nor will we Lords embrace his heedleſſe counſell,
I doe protest, as I am king of *Spaine*,
My vtimoſt power ile ſtretch to make them friends:
Come Lords Let's in, my loue and wit Ile trie
To end this jarre; the Queene ſhall not denie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Elizabeth, Beningfield, Glanentia, Tame, Gage,
and Barnicke.*

Eli. What fearefull terrour doth affaile my heard.
Good *Gage* come hither, and refolute me true
In thy opinion; ſhall I out-lue this night?
I pre thee ſpeakē.

Gage. Out-lue this night, I pray Madam whye?

If you know not me,

Eli. Then to be plaine, this night I looke to die.

Gage. O Madam, you were borne to better fortunes:

That God that made you, will protect you still
From all your enenies that wish you ill.

Eli. My heart is fearefull.

Gage. O my honor'd Lord,
As euer you were noble in your thoughts,
Speake, shall my Lady out-lie this night, or no?

Tame. You much amaze me sir, else heauen forfend.

Gage. For, if wee should imagine any plot,
Pretending to the hurt of our deere Mistris,
I and my fellowes, though farre vt'able are
To stand against your power, will die together.

Tame. And I with you would spend my dearest blood,
To doe that vertuous Lady any good.
Sir *Harry*, now my charge I must resigne,
The Ladie's wholy in your custodie,
Yet vse her kindly as she well deserues,
And so I take my leaue, Madam adue.

Eli. My honor'd Lord farewell, vnwilling I
With griefe and woe must continue,
Help me to some inke and paper good sir *Harry*.

Ben. What to doe Madam?

Eli. To write a Letter to the Queene my sister.

Ben. I find not that in my Commission.

Eli. Good taylor, vrge not thy Commission.

Ben. No taylor, but your guardian Madam.

Eli. Then reach me pen and inke.

Ben. Madam I dare not, my Commission serues not.

Eli. Thus you haue driven me off from time to time,
Still vrging me with your Commission,
Good taylor be not so seuer.

Ben. Good Madam I intreat you loose that name
Of Taylor, twill be a by-word to me and my posteritic.

Eli. As often as you name your Commission,
So often will I call you Taylor.

Ben. Say I should reach you pen, inke, and paper,
Who is't dare beare a Letter sent from you?

you know no bodie.

Eli. I doe not keepe a seruant so dishonest,
That would denie me that.

Ben. Who euer dares, none shall.

Gage. Madam, impose the Letter to my trust,
Were I to beare it through a field of pikes,
And in my way ten thousand arm'd men ambuske,
Ide make my passage through the midst of them,
And perforce beare it to the Queene your sister.

Ben. Body of me, what a bold knaue's this?

Eli. *Gage,* leaue me to my selfe,
Thou euer-living power that guid'st all hearts,
Giu to my pen a true perswasive stile,
That it may moue my impatient sisters eares,
And vrge her to compassionate my woe. *Shee writes.*

Beningfield takes a booke and lookest into it.

Ben. What haz shee written heere? *He reads.*
Much suspected by me, nothing proou'd can be:

Finis quoth Elizabeth the prisoner.

Marie a God, what's heere, an English Bible?
Sanctum Maria, pardon this prophanation of my heart,
Water Barwicke, water, Ile meddle with't no more.

Eli. My heart is heauie, and mine eies doe close,
I am wearie with writing, sleepie on the sodaine;
Clarentia, leaue me, and command some musick
In the with-drawing chamber. *She sleepes.*

Ben. Your Letter shall be foorth-comming Ladie,
I will peruse it ere it scape me now. *Exit. Ben.*

A dumbeshow.

Enter Winchester, Constable, Barwicke, and Friars : *at the other*
doore two Angels : the Friars steps to her, offering to kill her : the
Angels drive them backe. Exeunt. The Angels open the bible
and put it in her hands. Exeunt Angels : she wakes.

Eli. O God how pleasant was this sleepe to me!
Clarentia, saw'st thou nothing?

Cla. Madam, not I;
I ne'r slept soundlier for the time.

Eli. Nor heardst thou nothing?

Cla. Neither Madame.

If you know not me,

Eli. Didst not thou put this Booke into my hand?

Cla. Madam, not I.

Eli. Then twas by inspiration, heauen I trust
With his eternall hand will guide the iust.

What chapter's this, *Who so putteth his trust in the Lord,*
Shall not be confounded?

My Sauiour, thanks, on thee my hope I build,
Thou lou'st poore innocents, and art their sheild.

Enter Beningfield and Gage.

Ben. Heere haue you writ a long excuse it seemes,
But no submision to the Queene your sister.

Eli. Should they submit that never wrought offence?
The lawe will alwaies quit wrong'd innocence:

Gage, take my letter, & to the Lords command my humble duty.

Gage. Madam, I slie,
To giue this letter to her Maiestie;
Hoping when I returne,
To giue you comfort that now sadly mourne. *Exeunt omnes*

Ben. I, do write and send, Ile crosse you still, *preter Ben.*
Shee shall not speake to any man aliuie,
But Ile ore-heare her, no letter, nor no token:
Shall never haue accesse vnto her hands,
But first Ile see it;
So like a subiect to my Soueraignes state,
I will pursue her with my deadly hate. *Enter Clowne.*

Clo. O sir *Harry*, you looke well to your office,
Yonders one in the Garden with the Princesse.

Ben. How knaue, with the Princesse; she parted eu'en now.

Clo. I sir, that's all one, but she no sooner came into the
Garden, but he leapt ore the wall, and there
They are together busie in talke sir.

Ben. Heere's for thy paines, thou art an honest fellow:
Go take a Guard and apprehend them strait. *Exit Clowne.*
Bring them before me.
O this is well found out.
Now will the Queene command my diligent care,
And praise me for my seruice to her Grace.
Ha, traitors swarme so neare about my house!

you know no bodie.

Tis time to looke into't;
O well said Barwicke,
Where's the prisoner?

-Enter Cloyne, Barwicke, and Souldiers leading of a
Goate, his sword drawne.

Clo. Heere he is in a string my Lord.

Ben. Lord blesse vs, knaue, what hast thou there?

Clo. This is he I told you was busie in talke with the Princesse,
What a did there, you must get out of him by examination.

Ben. Why knaue, this is a beast.

Clo. So may your worship be for any thing I know.

Ben. What art thou knaue?

Clo. If your worship does not remenber me,

I hope your worships crooper doth:

But if you haue any thing to say to this honest fellow,

Who for his gray head and reuerent beard is so like,

He may be a kinne to you.

Ben. A kinne to me, knaue Ile haue thee whipt.

Clo. Then your worship will crie quittance with my
Posteriors for misusing of yours.

Ben. Nay, but doost thou flowt me still? He beats him.

Enter Winchester, Gresham with paper, Constable Exeunt,
with a Pursuane.

Gresh. I pray your Honor to regard my haste.

Win. I know your busynesse, and your haste shall stay,
As you were speaking my Lord Constable.

Const. When as the king shall come to seale these Writs,

Gresh. My Lord, you know his highnesse treasure stacies,
And cannot be transported these three montys,
Vnlesse that now your Honor seale my warrant.

Win. Fellow what then? This warrant that concernes
The Princesse death, shuffle in amongst the rest,
Hee'l ne're peruse it.

Gresh. How, the Princesse death? thankes heaven,
By whom I am made a willing instrument her life to saue,
That may liue crown'd when thou art in thy graue.

Win. Stand ready Pursuane, Exit Gresham.
That when tis sign'd,

If you know not me,

Thou maist be gone, and gallop with the wind.

Enter *Philip, Suffex, and Gage.*

Phil. Our Chauncellor Lords, this is our sealing daie,
This our states busines; is our Signet there?

Enter *Howard, and Gresham as he is sealing.*

How. Staie your imperiall hand, let not your seale imprint
Deaths imprese in your sisters heart.

Phil. Our sisters heart! Lord *Howard* what meanes this?

How. The Chancellor and that iniurious Lord
Can well expound the meaning.

Wm. Oh chance accurst, how came he by this notice?
Her life is guarded by the hand of heauen,
And we in vaine purfue it.

Phil. Lord Chancellor, your dealing is not faire,
See Lords, what Writs affords it selfe
To the imprese of our seale.

Suff. See my Lord, a warrant for the Princesse death
Before shee be conuicted, what jugling call you this?
See, see for Gods sake.

Gage. And a Purseuant ready to poste away with it,
To see it done with speed;
What flintie breast could brooke to see her bleed?

Phil. Lord Chancellor, out of our prerogative,
We will make bold to enterline your warrant.

Suff. Whose plot was this?

How. The Chancellors, and my Lord Constables.

Suff. How was't reueald?

Ho. By this gentleman master *Gresham* the Kings Agent here.
Suff. He hath shewed his loue to the King and Queens maiestie,
His seruice to his countrie, and care of the Princesse.

Gresh. My dutie to them all.

Phil. Instead of charging of the Sherifffes with her,
We heere discharge her keeper Beningfields,
And where we should haue brought her to the blocke,
We now will haue her brought to *Hampton Court*,
There to attend the pleasure of the Queene:
The Purseuant that should haue posted downe
With tidings of her death,

you know no bodie.

Beare her the message of her repriued life,
• You M. *Gage* assit his speed, a good daies worke we ha made,
To rescue innocence so soone betraid.

Enter Clowne and Clarentia.

Cl. Whither goe you so faste mistris *Clarentia?*

Clar. A milking.

Cl. A milking! that's a poore office for a Madam.

Clar. Better a Milke-maid free, than a Madam in bondage,
Oh, hadst thou heard the Princesse yesternight.
Sitting within an arbor all alone to heare a Milke-maid sing,
It would haue moou'd a flintie heart to melt,
Weeping and wishing, wishing and weeping,
A thoufand times she with her felfe debates,
With the poore Milke-maid to exchange estates,
She was a Sempster in the Tower being a Princesse,
And shall I her poore gentlewoman disdaine
To be a Milke-maid in the country?

Cl. Troth you say true, every one to his fortune,
As men goe to hanging, the time hath beene
When I would ha scorn'd to cary coles, but now the case is
Every man as farre as his tallent will stretch. (alter'd)

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Wom. Where's mistris *Clarentia?* to horse, to horse,
The Princesse is sent for to the Court,
Shee's gone already, come let's after.

Clar. The Princesse gone, and I lefft heere behind!
Come, come, our horses shall out-strip the wind.

Cl. And Ile not be long after you, for I am sure
My Curtall will cary me as fast as your double Ge'ding. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elizabeth and Gage.

Eli. I wonder *Gage*, that we haue staid so long,
So neere the Court, and yet haue heard no newes
From our displeased sister, this more affrights me
Than my former troubles; I feare this *Hampton Court*
Will be my graue.

Gage. Good Madam, blot such thoughts out of your mind,
The Lords I know are still about your sute,
And make no doubt, but they will so preuaile,

If you know not me,

Both with the King and Queene, that you shall see
Their hainous anger will be turn'd to loue. *Enter Howard.*

How. Where is the Princesse?

Eli. Welcome my good Lo: *Howard*, what sayes the Queene,
Will she admit me light?

How. Madam she will, this night she hath appointed,
That she her selfe in person meaneas to heate you,
Protra& no time, then come, let's hattle away. *Exeunt.*

Enter fouse Torches: Philip, Winchester, Howard, Shandoyse, Beningfield, and Attendants.

Queene. Where is the Princesse?

How. She waits your pleasure at the common-staires.

Queene. Vsher her in by Torch-light.

How. Gentlemen Vshers, and gentlemen Pensioners, lights
For the Princesse, attendance gentlemen.

Phil. For her supposed vertues, Royall Queene
Looke on your sister with a smiling brow,
And if her fault merite not too much hate,
Let her be censur'd with all lenitie,
Let your deepe hatred end where it began,
She hath beene too long banisht from the sunne.

Queene. Our fauour shall be farre boue her desert,
And she that hath been banisht from the light,
Shall once againe behold our cheerefull sight.
Your my Lord shall step behind the Arras,
And heare our conference, wee le shew her grace,
For there shines too much mercy in your face.

Phil. We beare this mind, we errours would not feed,
Nor cherish wrongs, nor yet see Innocents bleed.

Quee. Call the Princesse.

Exeunt for the Princesse,
Philip behinde the Arras.

Enter all with Elizabeth.

All forbeare this place except our sister now. *Exeunt omnes.*

Eli. That God that raisde you, stay you, and protect
You from your foes, and cleare me from suspect.

Quee. Wherefore doe you crie?
To see your selfe so low, or vs so hie?

Eli. Neither dread Queene, mine is a womanish teare.

you know no bodie.

In part compeld by ioy, and part by feare:
Ioy of your sight these brishis teares haue bred,
For feare of my Queenes frowne, to strike me dead.

Quene. Sister, I rather thinke th'are teares of splene.

Eli. You were my sister, now you are my Queen.

Quene. I that's your grise.

Eli. Madam, he was my foe and not your friend
That hath possesst you so, I am as true a
Subiect to your Grace, as any liues this day:
Did you but see,
My heart it bende farre lower than my knee.

Quene. We know you can speake well, will you submitte

Eli. My life Madam I will, but not as guilty,
Should I confess
Fault done by her that never did transgresse?
I ioy to haue a sister *Quene* so royll.
I would it as much please your Maestie,
That you enjoy a sister that's so true:
If I were guiltie of the least offence,
Madam twould taint the blood euern in your face;
The treasons of the father being noble,
Vnnobles all your children: let your Grace
Exact all torture and imprisonment,
What ere my greatest enemies can devise,
And when they all haue done their worst, yet I
Will your true subiect and true sister die.

Pbi. Mirror of vertue, and bright natures pride, *Behind the*
Pitty it had been, such beautie shold haue dide. *Arras.*

Quene. You le not submit, but end as you begin.

Eli. Madam, to death I will, but not to sinne.

Quene. You are not guilty then?

Eli. I thinke I am not.

Quene. I am not of your minde.

Eli. I would your Highnesse were.

Quene. How meane you that?

Eli. To thinke as I thinke, that my soule is cleare.

Quene. You haue beeene wrong imprison'd then?

Eli. Ile not say so.

Quene.

If you know not me,

Queene. What ere we thinke, arise and kisse our hand,
Say God hath raiſide you friends.

Eli. Then God hath kept his promise.

Queene. Promise, why?

Eli. To raiſe them friends that on his word reliſe.

Enter Philip.

Phil. And may the heauens applaud this vniſe;
Accurst be they that first procur'd this wrong,
Now by my Crowne, you haue been kept downe too long.

Queene. Sister, this night your ſelfe ſhall eaſt with me,
To morrow for the countrie you are free;

Lights for the Princesſe, conduet her to her chamber. *Ex. Eli.*

Phil. My ſoule is ioyfull that this peace is made,
A peace that pleaueth heauen and earth, and all,
Redeeming captiue thoughts from captive thrall,
Faire Queene, the ſerious busines of my father
Is now at hand to be accomplished,
Of your faire ſight I needs muſt take my leaue,
Returne I ſhall, tho parting cauſe vs grieue.

Quee. Why ſhould two hearts be forſt to ſeparate?
I know your busines, but beleeue me sweete,
My ſoule diuines we neuer more ſhall meeete.

Phil. Yet faire Queene hope the beſt I ſhall returne,
Who met with ioy, tho now ſadlie mourne. *Exeunt Philip*

Ben. What, droopes your honour?

and the Queen.

Win. Oh, I am ſicke.

Con. Where lies grieue?

Win. Where yours and all good ſubiects elfe ſhould lie,
Neare at the heart, this confirmation I doe greatly dread,
For now our true religion will decaie,
I doe diuine, who euer liues ſeauen yeare,
Shall ſee no Religion here, but heretie.

Ben. Come, come my Lord, this is but for a ſhew,
Our Queene I warrant wiſhes in her heart,
Her ſister Princesſe were without her head.

Wm. No, no my Lords, this peace is naturall,
This combination is without deceit,
But I will once more write to incenſe the Queene,
The plot is laid, thus it ſhall be perform'd.

Sir

you know no bodie.

Sir *Harry*, you shall goe attach her seruant
Upon suspition of some treacherie,
Wherein the Princesse shall be accessarie:
If this doe faile, my pollicie is downe.
But I grow faint the feuer staines on me,
Death like a Vulture tires vpon my heart,
Ile leaue you two to prosecute this drift,
My bones to earth I giue, t'heauen my soule I lift.

Ex. omnes.

Enter Gage, and Clarentia.

Gage. Madam *Clarentia*, is my Ladie stirring?
Cla. Yes master *Gage*, but heauie at the heart,
For she was frighted with a dreame this night,
She said, she dream'd her sister was new married,
And satte vpon a high Emperiall throne:
That she herselfe was cast into a dungeon,
Whence enemies enuiron'd her about,
Offering their weapons to her naked breast:
Nay they would scarchelie giue her leaueto praine,
They made such haste to hurrie her awaie.

Gage. Heauen shield my mistris, & make her friends increase,
Conuert her foes, estate her in true peace.

Cla. Then did I dreame of weddings, and offlowers,
Methought I was within the finest Garden,
That euer mortall eye did yet behold,
Then strait me thought, some of the chiese were pickt
To dresse the Bride; O twas the rarest shew,
To see the Bride goe smiling longst the streetes,
As if shee went to happines eternall.

Gage. Oh most vnhappy dreame! my feare is now
As great as yours, before it was but small:
Come, let's goe comfort her that joyes vs all.

Exeunt.

*Enter a dumbe shew: six Torches: Sussex bearing the Crowne,
Howard bearing the Scepter, the Constable the Mace, Tame
the Purse, Shandoise the Sword, Philip and Marie; after them
the Cardinall Poole, Beningfield and Attendants: Philip and
Marie conferres: he takes leaue, and Exit. Nobles bring him
to the doore, and returne; She falleth in a Swound: They com-
fort her: a dead march: Enter fourre with the Hearse of Win-*

shelton.

If you know not me,

chester with the Scepter and Purse lying on it: The Queener taketh the Scepter and Mace, and giveth Cardinal Poole: a fennet, and Exeunt omnes preter Sussex.

Sus. Winchester's dead, O God, ypon euene at his death,
He shewd his malice to the sweet young Princesse;
God pardon him, his soule must answer all,
Shee's still preseru'd, and still her foes doe fall,
The Queener is much besotted on these Prelates,
For there's another raiſde more base than he,
Poole that Arch, for truth and honestie.

Enter Beningfield.

Ben. My Lord of Suffex, I can tell ill newes,
The Cardinall Poole that now was firmly well,
Is sodainely falne sicke, and like to die.

Suff. Let him goe, why then there is a fall of Prelates,
This realme will never stand in perfect state,
Till all their faction be cleane ruinate.

Enter Constable.

Con. Sir Harry, do you heare the whispering in the Court?
They say the Queener is crazie, verie ill.

Suff. How heard you that?

Con. Tis common through the house,

Enter Howard.

How. Tis a sad Court my Lord.

Suff. What's the matter? say, how fares the Queener?

How. Whether in sorrow for the Kings departure,

Or else for grieve at Winchesters decease,

Or else that Cardinall Poole is sodainely dead,

I cannot tell, but shee's exceeding sicke.

Suff. The state begins to alter.

How. Nay more my Lord, I came now from the Presence,
I heard the Doctors whisper it in secret,
There is no way but one.

Suff. Gods will be done, who's with the Queener my Lord?

How. The Duke of Norfolke, the Earle of Oxford,

The Earle of Arundell, and diuers others,

They are withdrawne into the inward chamber,

There to take counsell, and intreat your presence.

Suff. WEE'LE wait vpon their Honors.

Ex. omnes.

you know no bodie.

Enter Elizabeth, Gage, and Clarentia above.

Eli. O God, my last nights dreame I greatly feare
It doth presage my death, good maister *Gage*,
Looke to the path-waie that doth come frō the Court,
I looke each minute for deaths messenger:
Would he were here now, so my soule were pute,
That I with patience might the stroke indure.

Gage. Madam, I see from farre a horse-man cōming,
This waie he bends his speed, he comes so fast
That he is couered with a cloud of dust,
And now I haue lost his sight, he appeares againe,
Making his way ouer Hill, Hedge, Ditch, & Plaine,
One after him, they two striue,
As on the race they had wagerd both their liues,
Another after him.

Eli. O God, what meanes this haste?
Praie for my soule, my life cannot long last.

Gage. Strange and miraculoust the first being at the gate,
His horse hath broke his necke, and cast his Rider.

Eli. This same is but a prologue to my death,
My heart is guiltlesse though they take my breath.

Enter sir Harry *Karew*.

Kar. God sauе the Queene, God sauē *Elizabeth*.

Eli. God sauē the Queene, so all good Subiects say;
I am her Subiect, and for her still I pray.

Kar. My horse did you allegiance at the gate,
For ther he broke his necke, and there he lies;
For I my selfe had much adoe to rise,
The fall hath bruisde me, yet I liue to crie,
God blesse your grace, God blesse your maestie.

Gage. Long liue the Queene, long liue your maestie.

Eli. This newes is sweet, my heart was sore afraid:
Rise thou, first Baron that we euer made.

Kar. Thanks to your Maestie, happy be my tongue,
That first breah'd right to one that had such wrong.

Enter sir John *Brocket*.

Bro. Am I presented in my haste, O chance accurst,
My hopes did loothe me that I was the first;

If you know not me,

Let not my dutie be o're swaid by splene,
Long liue my Soueraigne, and God saue my Queen.

Eli. Thanks good sir *John*, we will deserue your loue.

Enter Howard.

How. Though third in order, yet first in loue,
I tender my allegiance to your Grace,
Liue long faire Queen, thrice happie be your raigne,
He that in-states you, your high state maintaine.

Eli. Lord *Howard*, thanks, you euer were our friend,
I see your loue continues to the end,
But chiefly, thanks to you my Lord of *Hunsdon*.

How. Meaning this gentleman?

Eli. The verie same;
His tongue was first proclaimer of our name:
And trustie *Gage*, in token of our grace,
We giue to you a captaine Pensioners place.

How. Madam, the Councell are heere at hand.

Eli. We will descend and meete them.

Karew. Let's guard our Soueraigne, praising that Power,
That can throw downe and raise within an hower. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter the Clowne and one more wnb faggots.

Clo. Come neighbor, come away, euerie man his faggot,
And his double pot, for ioy of the old Queenes death;
Let bells ring, and children sing,
For we haue cause to remember;
The seauenteenth day of Nouember.

Enter Lord of Tame.

Tame. How now my masters, what's heere to doe?

Clo. Faith making Bone-fiers for ioy of the new Queen,
Come sir, your pennie, and you be a true subiect,
Youle battle with vs your faggot, weeble be merrie yfaith.

Tame. And you doe well: and yet me thinke t'were fit,
To spend some funerall teares vpon her hearse,
Who while she liu'd was deare vnto them all.

Clo. I, but doe not you know the old Prouerb?
We must liue by the quicke, and not by the dead.

Tame. Did you not loue her father when he liu'd,
As deerelie as you ere did loue any,
And yet rejoyced at his funerall?

you know no bodie.

Likewise her brother, you esteem'd him deere,
Yet once departed, ioyfullie you sung,
Ruine to make Bone-fires, to proclaimie your loue
Vnto the new, forgetting still the old:
Now she is gone, how you moane for her!
Were it not fit a while to moane her Hearse,
And duefullie there reioyce the other?
Had you the wifest and the louingst Prince,
That euer swaid a Scepter in the world,
This is the loue he shall haue after life.
Let Princes while they liue haue loue or feare tis fit,
For after death there's none continues it.

Clo. By my faith my maisters, he speakes wifelie;
Conie, weeke to the end of the lane, & there weeke
Make a Bone-fire, and be merrie:
Faith agreed, Ile spend my halfe-pennie towards
Another faggot, rather than the new Queene shall
Want a Bone-fire.

Exeunt, manet Tame.

Tame. I blame you not, nor doe I you commend,
For you will still the strongest side defend.

Exit.

A sennet. Enter fourre Trumpeters, after them Sergeant Trum-
peter with a Mace, after him the Purse bearer Sussex with the
Crown, Howard the Scepter, Constable with the Cappe of
Maintenance, Shandoyse with the Snord, Tame with the
Coller and a George, fourre gentlemen bearing the Canopy ouer
the Queene, two gentewomen bearing up her Traine, six gen-
tlemen Pensioners, the Queen takes State.

Omnes. Long liue, long raigne our Soueraigne.

Eli. We thanke you a al.

Sus. The imperiall Crowne I heere present your Grace,
With it my stafe of Office, and my place.

Eli. Whilste we this Crowne, so long your place enioy.

How. Th'imperiall Scepter heere I offer vp.

Eli. Keepe it my Lord, and with it be you high Admirall.

Con. This Cap of Maintenance, I present my state
of Office, and my vtmost seruice.

Eli. Your loue we know.

Conf. Pardon me gratiouis Madam, twas not spleene,

If you know not me,

But that allegiance that Iow'd my Queene,
Madam, I seru'd her truelie at that day,
And I as truly willyour Grace obaie.

Eli. We do as frelie pardon as youtruelie seru'd;
Onelie your stafie of Office weeble displace,
In stead whereof, weeble owe you greater grace.

Enter Beningfield.

Ben. Long liue the Queene, long liue your Maiestie,
I haue rid hard to be the first reporter
Of these glad tidings first; and all these here.

Suff. You are in your loue as free as in your care,
Y'are come eu'en iult a day after the faire.

Eli. What's he, my laylor?

Ben. God preserue your Grace.

Eli. Be not ashain'd man looke me in the face,
Who haue you now to patronize your stricnes on?
For your kindnes this I will bestow:
When we haue one we would haue hardlie vsde,
And ciuellie dealt with, you shall be the man,
This is a day for peace, not for vengeance sit,
All your good deedes weeble quit, all wrongs remit.
Where we left off, proeede.

Shan. The Sword of Justice on my bended knee
I to your Grace present, heaven blesse your raigne.

Eli. This Sword is ours, this Stafie is yours againe.

Tame. This Garter with the Order of the George,
Two ornaments vnto the Crowne of *England*,
I here present. (you)

Eli. Postleſle them still my Lord, what Office beare.

Gage. I Captaine of your Highnes Penſioners.

Broc. I of your Guard,

I Sergeant Trumpetor, prefent my Mace.

Eli. Some we intend to raise, none to displace;
Lord *Hunsdon*, we will one day finde a Stafie
To poize your hand; you are our cousin,
And deserue to be employ'd neerer our persons.
But now to you from whom we take this Stafie,
Since Cardinall *Poole* is now deceasde and dead,

you know no bodie.

To shew all malice from our breast is worne,
Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.
And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,
Praising that King that all kings else obey.

Sennet about the stage in order.
The Maior of London meett them.

Ma. I from this cittie *London* doe present,
This Purse and Bible to your Maiestie,
A thousand of your faithfull Citizens,
In velvet Coats and Chaines well mounted, stay
To greet their royll Soueraigne on the way.

Eli. Wethanke you all:but first this Booke I kisse,
Thou art the way to Honor, thou to Blisse:
An English Bible, thankes my good Lord Maior,
You of our bodie and our soule haue care;
This is the Iewell that we still loue best,
This was our solace when we were distressd,
This Booke that hath so long conceald it selfe,
So long shut vp, so long hid; Now Lords see,
We here vnclaspe, for euer it is free:
Who lookest for ioy, let him this Booke adore,
This is true foode for rich men and for poore,
Who drinkest of this, is certaine neare to perish,
This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,
Lay hand vpon this Anchore euery soule,
Your names shall be in an eternall scrowle,
Who builds on this, dwells in a happy state,
This is the fountaine cleare, immaculate.
That happy issue that shall vs succeed,
And in our populous kingdome this Booke reade,
For them, as for our owne selues, we humbly pray.
They may liue long, and blest; so leade the way.

FINIS.